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THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

CANADA-WEST TO MICHIGAN.

SIX-AND-THIRTY YEARS ago, when machinery had dealt a death-blow to the profession of the handloom-weaver, one of the many victims of that disastrous improvement was a sturdy little man, whom I remember to have seen driving his shuttle in a humble workshop in a small town on the banks of the Tweed. Instead of repining, or continuing the vain attempt to wring a subsistence out of his exploded craft, this capital specimen of an indomitable Scot sold his loom, paid his debts, and with wife and children sailed for America. Arriving in pretty nearly a penniless condition, he made his way, as I had heard, to the London district of Canada, where he settled and was still living.

While I remained in London, I made inquiries respecting the present position of this exiled victim of the power-loom, and was glad to learn that it was highly respectable. Curious to see what actual progress he had made, I paid a visit to his residence, which was situated six or seven miles distant. Although vastly improved in worldly circumstances, I found him living in the same log-hut, which he had reared on his arrival in the country, upwards of thirty years ago. His settlement, which was situated down one of the concession or cross roads leading from the main thoroughfare, was bounded by rail-fences, in which a rude gateway admitted me to an orchard fronting the house, near which were barns, and other buildings, wholly of wood. My appearance created quite a sensation in the establishment, and there was a rush to the door to receive and give me a hearty welcome. In a minute, I was in the interior, seated before a huge fire of blazing fagots on the hearth, over which hung several pots sending a savoury steam up the capacious chimney. The patriarch of the household, eighty years of age, but as full of spirit as ever, sat in an arm-chair on one side, while the mother of the family seated herself opposite. A daughter acted as maiden-of-all-work, and hung about listening to inquiries respecting the country whence the family had emigrated long before she was born. As if signalled by an electric-telegraph, several tall and stout sons soon made their appearance, from their respective dwellings in the neighbourhood. The old man's story, which he dealt out along with jocular reminiscences of 'auld langsyne,' had in it nothing singular, but was nevertheless valuable, as offering an example of what any earnest-minded and self-denying man may do in the western world.

'When I came to this spot,' said he, 'there was not a house for miles around—London was not built. The country was all forest. I helped to make the

concession-road which you came by, for which service government gave me a grant of some land. It was dreadful hard work at first, and as the children were young, I had to do everything myself. Before I procured a horse, I had to carry grain on my back for miles to be ground. But having good health, I never complained. It won't do to sit down and cry. Push ahead, and keep on never minding, is here the great doctrine. As the family grew up, I could take things a little easier, and now can look about me at some improvements. I have a capital farm of one hundred acres, cleared, and under crop. It is intended for my youngest son, when I am gone. My three elder sons have each a good farm of the same size. We are now a kind of clan, with plenty of everything—horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry.'

'And no want of apples,' said I, glancing upward at the numerous festoons of dried fruit which hung from the ceiling.

'O yes, that orchard at the door is of my own planting, and it is very productive. No want of puddings, I can tell you, for we also make our own sugar; and, in fact, we scarcely need to buy anything. Very different from the days when I was on the loom, and the good-wife had to contrive how to make both ends meet.'

'And had you remained in that situation,' I observed, 'these sons of yours would probably have been day-labourers at twelve shillings a week. That is the wage now going in your old neighbourhood.'

'You hear that, lads,' said the old man. 'You see how thankful you should be for your mercies. It was a blessed thing I came away.'

'I suppose your sons are doing very well with their farms; they are probably good ploughmen?'

'No doubt of it; and one of them, who has a turn for mechanics, has made a machine for peeling apples.'

'That must be curious; I should like to see it.'

Immediately, there was brought from a recess an ingenious piece of mechanism, not unlike an old-fashioned spinning-wheel. An apple having been stuck on the point of the spindle, and a curved knife being held to it, it was stripped of its skin by a few turns of the wheel; and another machine, with equal speed, took from it the core. I was much amused with these devices for peeling fruit on a great scale, but afterwards found that such apple-machines were common all over the States. It was finally explained to me, that the object of these operations was to prepare apples for winter use. Being cut in pieces, strung together on threads, and hung up in a warm kitchen, the apples will keep sound all winter; and though a little shrivelled and dried in appearance, they make as good puddings as if they had been freshly peeled. So far

as I am aware, this method of preserving apples for culinary purposes is not known or practised in England.

It must be owned, that the general aspect of affairs in and about the emigrant's dwelling was not of that refined character which one might reasonably have looked for after so many years of laborious and successful industry. But if things were somewhat Robinson Crusoeish, the circumstance is explained by original habits, though chiefly by the spare capital having been expended in extending the family possessions. In short, it would have been easy for the aged proprietor to have built a fine mansion for himself; but he preferred, he said, seeing his family settled comfortably; although he doubtless carried his principles in this respect a little too far.

There was much lamentation at the shortness of my stay; and when I departed, the whole household stood around the door to see me drive off, which it required some dexterity to accomplish without doing damage to several families of black pigs—genuine Hampshire brocks, as I took them to be—which were strolling about in the diligent pursuit of apples and other windfalls.

I made some other visits in the neighbourhood of London, and should have been glad to have made more had time permitted; but a sudden snap of extremely cold weather and a slight fall of snow, admonished me that it was time to hasten southwards. Accordingly, I made up my mind to do so, on reaching Detroit in Michigan, for which I now prepared to set out in a conveyance similar to the one that had brought me to the place. My design was to proceed from London to Chatham, a town on the lower part of the Thames, whence there are steamers to Detroit; but some information respecting the badness of the roads deterred me from the attempt, and I ultimately adopted the route to Sarnia, a small port on the St Clair river, near the foot of Lake Huron. After all, I imagine I gained nothing by this arrangement, so far as comfort in travelling is concerned. The distance was sixty miles, which were promised to be performed in twelve hours, but were not, in reality, done in less than sixteen. Already, I had obtained some knowledge of the Canadian roads, and now completed this branch of my education. In one or two places I have spoken of toll-bars, and from this it may, perhaps, be supposed that the roads are generally macadamised, and tolerably good. They are so in the neighbourhood of large towns, but as soon as tolls disappear, the traveller begins to observe a strange falling off in the quality of the thoroughfares. Any attempt at laying down broken stones to form a hard basis seems not to be thought of; the natural surface, be it sand or clay, is left to take its chance; and vehicles go plunging along, as if struggling across a rough and newly-ploughed field. After rains, the case is dismal: the wheels sink to nearly the axles; and in spite of inconceivable toil, the poor horses are unable to make more than two to three miles an hour. Where the ground is swampy, and there would be a risk of sinking utterly out of sight, trees are laid across the path; and over these *corduroyed* parts of the road, the carriage goes securely, but bumpingly, in a very unpleasant way. The best thoroughfares of all, are the *plank-roads*; which I had never heard of till I reached Canada. These are stretches of road covered with a flooring of thick deals laid on joisting; the deals being smooth, as from the saw, and the whole laid so evenly, that carriages are drawn over them in beautiful style. These plank-roads are usually joint-stock undertakings, or belong to municipalities,

and are established by act of the provincial parliament, with power to erect turnpike-gates and exact tolls. The appearance of these toll-bars is hailed with inexpressible delight by the traveller, for he knows that on reaching them there is an end, for ten or twelve miles at least, of the jolts and jumbles with which he has for some time been afflicted. With such practical experience of Canadian roads, one can easily understand the longing for snow in winter, when the sleighs are driven along with the velocity of the wind; for then only is extended intercourse conducted with anything like pleasure. Railways, of course, will now change all this, and render travelling as easy in Canada as it is in England; at the same time opening up and developing the resources of the country to an extent that could not otherwise have been anticipated.

With this short explanation, the reader will imagine he sees a two-horse vehicle, open in front, in which are seated two travellers wrapped in woollen plaids, their knees shrouded in a thick buffalo-skin, and thick shawls wrapped round their necks; before them is the driver, a young man in a rough jacket, with coarse boots drawn with studied slovenliness over his trousers, so that these voluminous garments stick out all round in a singularly free-and-easy way. The air is cold; a thin coating of snow has fallen, and partially conceals the treacherous ruts; the sides of the roads are in places fenced with zigzag rails; but in others there is no fence at all, and the thoroughfare is bounded on both sides for miles by thick tangled forests, composed of beech, maple, oak, and other hardwood trees now greatly stripped of their leaves, and amidst which the pines and other evergreens tower in dark masses, affording an agreeable relief to the eye. Leaving the town of London in early morning, the wagon thus goes on its way: at first smartly and encouragingly; then more moderately, with sundry admonitory jerks; and lastly, it stumbles on in a very alarming manner, the horses now getting into a trot, then lapsing to a walk, and always meandering from side to side, to seek out good bits wherever they can be found. Canadian horses, however, have immense spirit; and as you may rest assured they will get through some way or other, there is nothing to fear. We had at anyrate a whole day before us, and the novelty of the scene was so exhilarating, that if no fresh fall of snow occurred, there was little cause for disquietude.

During this protracted day's ride, I had an opportunity of seeing a tract of country of comparatively recent settlement. There were no towns and few villages on the road. At intervals of one to two miles, in the midst of clearings, we passed solitary houses, which as usual were of wood, sometimes neatly constructed and painted, and sometimes only log-huts, of recent erection. Occasionally, there were inns, adjoining which might be seen a blacksmith's and carpenter's shop. The greater part of the land seemed to be of good quality, and well adapted for cultivation. At one of the inns where we stopped, we learned that much of the district had been settled a number of years ago by half-pay officers, who, after clearing portions of their properties, and otherwise exhausting their means, got disheartened, and left the place. Those who could not sell their farms, let them to new and more hardy settlers, and these continued in possession till they had realised enough of money to become purchasers; and as such they were doing well—so true is it, that none but those who will work with their own hands, and for a time dismiss all delicacy of living, can expect to thrive as settlers in this new country. On the road we overtook one of this toiling class, and gave him a ride for a few miles. He told us, he had been a rural labourer in the south of England, on the property of Lord —, where his wages were 8s. per week. On coming to Canada, he first hired himself to a farmer, and having saved a little, rented one of the abandoned clearings, which last

year he had been able to buy, and now, as he said, he was in comfortable circumstances. His latest acquisition was a cow, which he highly appreciated, for the sake of milk for his family. I was much pleased with the manly way in which this industrious person mentioned these particulars. In England, he would probably have talked in an embarrassed, 'if you please,' fashion. Transferred to a country where he was called on to act an independent part, he spoke without timidity, but also without rudeness; and if not what is ordinarily called a gentleman, he at least behaved like one.

Towards evening, the roads were terrible. A thaw having come on and softened the mud, the horses slipped at every step, and at length one of them fell: when again set on its legs, the poor creature was found to have lost a shoe—a misfortune that caused some detention at the next blacksmith's forge, and left us in the dark still fifteen miles from Sarnia. There was only one spark of hope. At a certain distance, we had the promise of coming to a plank-road. Yet the plank-road seemed to recede as we advanced. Sometimes we were told it was four miles off; then it would be as far as five miles; and in despair of reaching it at all, we had arranged to stop for the night at the first inn we came to, when suddenly a joyful sound struck our ear: the horses had got their feet on the planks. In a minute, we were bowling along at the rate of ten miles an hour, and reached our destination without any further misadventure. As we drove up to the door of the hotel, a few twinkling stars afforded just sufficient light to shew the broad surface of the river St Clair, the western boundary of Canada.

Sarnia, as seen next morning, is a thriving little town situated on the St Clair, about a mile below the point where it issues from Lake Huron, and carrying on some trade in shipping. The view across the river, which is half a mile wide, shews us the coast of Michigan, low and lined with trees, with a neat white-painted town, having a steam-vessel moored at its quay. In this steamer, which crossed to Sarnia for passengers, we descended the St Clair, the voyage occupying five hours to Detroit. In the course of the trip, the vessel touched frequently at places on both sides of the river.

The sail down the St Clair was very charming. On the Canadian shore, there was pointed out a long series of small clearings with cottages, forming a settlement of Indians, protected by the British government; and Melville Island, in the lower part of the river, is devoted exclusively to the same object. These Indians, partially civilised, were spoken of as not making any marked progress; and a clergyman, who is charged with their supervision and instruction, stated to me that they were lessening in numbers, and would ultimately be extinct as a race. I believe this opinion corresponds with the general experience concerning the Indian tribes, when brought within the operation of ordinary social arrangements.

On the Michigan side, several pretty little towns were touched at, which shewed marks of growing traffic. Adjoining Lake St Clair, the banks on both shores become exceedingly low, with long marshy spots, on which nothing is seen but small hillocks of mud and rushes, forming the dwellings of musk-rats. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the vessel came in sight of Detroit, a large and handsomely built city, situated on a gentle slope rising from the right bank of the river; and I stepped ashore in the United States.

In quitting the British possessions in America, a few words may be permitted. Imperfect as had been my means of observation, I think I am entitled to say, that in almost all quarters there prevails a very decided spirit of improvement—a steady progress towards a great and prosperous condition. The advance is very remarkable in Western Canada, which cannot, in point of general appearance, be distinguished from the neigh-

bouring parts of the states of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio; and it is my belief, that, aided by the various railways already opened or in course of construction, this portion of British America will not be a whit behind any of the more northern parts of the Union. All that seems desirable, for the purpose of consolidating the character and interests of the various provinces, is to unite them in a vicerealty or principality, with a federal system of customs, posts, and other fiscal arrangements; so as to secure the nearest possible approximation to political independence and nationality. Meanwhile, through the efficacy of railway extension, and the gradual melioration of prejudices, a preparation may be said to be making towards a result of this kind, which, with peace and the general progress of enlightenment, will come in its own good time. It is at least satisfactory to know that under the protection of Great Britain, and left very much to their own government, according to constitutional forms, there is absolutely nothing to retard the advance of these colonies, and I am inclined to think that at this moment they have not a single thing to complain of, for which they have not the means of redress in their own hands. As far as I could see or hear, the whole of these provinces, are in a state of perfect contentment, strongly attached to, and taking a deep interest in the concerns of the mother-country.

All things considered, it would certainly be strange if the British American colonists did not feel happy in their present and prospective condition. They are the very favourites of fortune. Members of a powerful empire, they are not called on to contribute a shilling to the national exchequer. In the home-country, while no inconsiderable portion of every man's earnings is confiscated to meet the annual exigencies of the state, in Canada and the other provinces, the people are exempted from nearly all such demands, and their acquaintance with taxation is confined chiefly to certain custom-house duties and local assessments for schools and other purposes. At present, it is understood to be in contemplation to substitute a provincial armed force for the imperial troops; and this measure, if carried into effect, cannot but elevate the character of the colonies, by its tendency to cultivate and strengthen habits of self-dependence and self-respect.

Making no figure in the political world, and possessing little means of attracting attention, it may be said with truth, that these provinces, beyond the mere fact of their existence, are scarcely known in England. The people at large are not at all aware of their extent or capabilities; and few even of the intelligent classes are in a position to appreciate their social progress. Neglected, except by a generally humble class of emigrants, and by persons engaged in commercial transactions—until recent times treated with indifference by colonial ministers, and left to be the prey of adventurers—the wonder is that these colonies are what they are, and their remarkable progress can be ascribed only to their own intrinsically excellent, yet unvaunted, qualities. Silently and unostentatiously have their lands been reclaimed from the wilderness, and their scattered log-cabins and villages swelled into cities, until at length they challenge observation as a second New-England beyond the Atlantic, to the growth of which no one can assign any definite limits.

The advance, as previously noticed, has been very remarkable in Canada. At the surrender of the province in 1763, its population was estimated at from 60,000 to 65,000. In 1851, the numbers had increased to 890,261 in Lower Canada, and 952,004 in Western Canada—unitedly, 1,842,265, or now about 2,000,000; the ratio of increase being such as to double the population every twelve or thirteen years. The growing wealth of the community is learned from the fact, that while in 1825, the assessable property in Western

Canada was estimated at L.1,854,000, in 1852, it had amounted to L.37,695,000. The cultivation of the soil keeps pace with this increase. In 1841, the wheat crop was 3,221,000 bushels; in 1851, it was 12,692,000 bushels. In 1851, the value of British imports into Canada amounted to L.2,475,000, or about L.1. 6s. per head of the population. A circumstance still more indicative of social progress remains to be mentioned. In Canada, in 1852, there were nearly three millions of miles travelled by the mail, and in that year alone there was an increase of about 250 new post-offices; and the continued opening of such new establishments forms one of the remarkable features of the country.

In travelling through Canada and the adjacent states, nothing is more satisfactory than to find that there prevails the best mutual understanding between the British and American people. Placed on a long line of boundary, within sight of each other, and being connected by many common ties, it is only matter for regret that there should exist any restrictions in commercial intercourse. Unfortunately, the freedom of trade is interrupted by a war of tariffs, as well as by legal obstacles to the uninterrupted navigation of water-courses, vastly to the disadvantage of both parties, and no doubt productive of a demoralising contraband traffic. I would venture to hope that a study of this delicate question, as demonstrated in the successful liberation of trade by Great Britain, will tend to shake the confidence of Americans and Provincials in the doctrine of hostile duties, and induce the belief that, after all, generosity in trade, as in everything else, brings its own great reward.

Intending, in the conclusion of these papers, to speak of the field for advantageous emigration presented by nearly all parts of America which I visited, it is unnecessary for me here to mention at any length how far Canada is suitable for this purpose. A few special facts need only be alluded to.

In the development of minerals, particularly the copper ores bordering on Lake Superior; in trade, lumbering, and navigation; and in agriculture, the enterprising have a wide scope for profitable operations. With regard to improved farms, ready for the reception of settlers, they may be had in every quarter, and information respecting them will be obtained at the offices of land-agents in the large towns, or by consulting local newspapers.* No one purposing to acquire lands, need give himself any uneasiness on this point, for eligible spots will be heard of everywhere. In each county town there is a land-agent appointed to dispose of crown-lands, which are uncleared, and may for the most part be obtained at about 7s. sterling per acre. The best lands of this kind, however, are generally disposed of in the older settled parts of the country. In some cases, uncleared lands are preferable to those which have been cultivated; for the universal tendency is to exhaust, and then sell lands to new-comers. Some caution in making a choice in old settlements is therefore desirable. While men with means may confine their selection to improved localities, I should advise those of more slender resources, but with youth and strength, to proceed to the districts bordering on Lake Huron, belonging to the Canada Company, which sells lands at from 2s. to L.1. 4s. per acre, according to quality and locality. Goderich, on Lake Huron, will soon be reached by railway. As regards persons who desire to work for wages, it is enough to say, that in Canada any able-bodied labourer will at present receive at least 4s. per day; and that bricklayers, masons, and carpenters will be paid 6s. to 8s. per day, while the cost of living will be found much the same as in this country, if not

in some places considerably less. The demand for labourers and artisans to be employed on the railways in course of construction is now so great, that it will absorb all who offer themselves for years to come; and how, with such allurements, there is not a more general migration from England, is one of the things not easily accounted for.

W. C.

READINGS ON RATS.

WHEN science was younger than she now is, and less able to distinguish between being and seeming to be, certain of her followers, who fancied themselves learned in natural history, used to find marvellous attributes in some of the animals they wrote about. For reasons not easy to discover, they seldom mentioned rats without expressions of fear or abhorrence, giving the creatures credit for more than human intelligence. There was no wickedness that rats were not ready to perpetrate. Then there appeared to be strange relations between the cunning rodents and human beings, investing them with a mysterious character, not only in the eyes of the multitude, but in the opinion of students. At times, they were more than half suspected to be agents of the Evil One.

Southey, in his *Doctor*, remarks that whatever man does, rat always takes a share in the proceedings. Whether it be building a ship, erecting a church, digging a grave, ploughing a field, storing a pantry, taking a journey, or planting a distant colony, rat is sure to have something to do in the matter; man and his gear can no more get transported from place to place without him, than without the ghost in the wagon that 'flitted too.' How is it that rats know when a house is about to fall, or a ship to sink? Where did they learn to carry eggs down stairs, from the top of the house to the bottom, without breaking? Who taught them to abstract the oil from long-necked flasks, by dipping their tails in, and then licking the unctuous drops from the extremity? What precedent had they for leading a blind companion about by a straw held in the mouth, and how did they know he could not see? All these are questions requiring no small amount of ingenuity to answer.

As with nations, so with rats; one tribe comes and dispossesses another. The rats that used to gnaw the bacon in Saxon larders in Alfred's reign—that squealed behind the wainscot when Cromwell's Ironsides were harrying royalist mansions—that disturbed the sleep of George I.—were a hardy black species, now seldom seen, and doomed, apparently, to become as rare as the dodo. Like the Red Men in presence of the Palefaces, they have had to retire before the Norwegian rat, larger in size, and brown in colour. Notwithstanding all the popular notions on the subject, it is difficult to explain why this was called the Norwegian rat; for it did not come from Norway. It may surprise those who are sticklers for the Scandinavian origin to know, that this rat was brought to England from India and Persia in 1730. In 1750, the breed made its way to France; and its progress over Europe has since then been more or less rapid. When Pallas was travelling in Southern Russia, he saw the first detachment arrive near the mouth of the Volga in 1766. The species multiplies so rapidly, breeding three times a year, each litter numbering from twelve to twenty, that a single family, if kept out of harm's way, would produce nearly a million in two years. No wonder they drove out our aboriginal black rat! In Ireland, they did more: they killed the frogs, once numerous in that country; and since the diminution of the croaking race, the waters, as the peasantry say, have been less pure than formerly. The Isle of France was once abandoned by the Dutch, because of the prodigious increase of rats: human life

* Mr Geo. A. Barber, jun., corner of Church and Front Street, Toronto, publishes, periodically, a Land-agency Circular, containing a long list of lands for sale in various parts of Western Canada. Similar lists are probably published by other agents.

was hardly safe from their attacks. After making themselves comfortably at home here in England, the country of their adoption, they sent colonies across the Atlantic—rat empire, like man's empire, taking its course westward. In the West Indies they found congenial quarters, no cold, and plenty of food; and, multiplying in consequence at an astonishing rate, they became a destructive and intolerable pest, till the inhabitants were obliged, in self-defence, to poison them with arsenic and pellets of cassava. The remedy was attended by dismal results, for, tormented by thirst after eating the poison, the rats swarmed down to drink at the streams, and falling in, the water was poisoned, and a great mortality followed among the cattle that drank from the same rivers. Besides this check, they have many natural enemies in the islands: the *Fernica omnivora* is not the least formidable: a battalion of this species, known as the Raffles' ant, makes but short work in clearing a plantation of every rat. At one time, the negroes used to catch the rats and expose them for sale in the markets of Jamaica, where the black population were always willing purchasers. The Chinese, too, have a weakness for 'such small deer;' and it is a standing bit of fun on board ships lying in Canton harbour, to catch a rat, and hold the struggling animal up by the tail in sight of the celestial crews in the tea-lighters alongside. A shout is immediately set up, and no sooner is rat flung from the ship, than an uproarious scramble follows for possession of the coveted prize. Much mischief has at times been done on board the West India steamers, by rats gnawing their way into the mail-bags, and making free with the contents. In one instance, a will written on parchment was devoured all but the seal, greatly to the vexation of the individual at Demarara to whom it was addressed.

The Greeks knew a good many things; but if naturalists are to be believed, they did not know either the Norwegian rat or the black rat: a large-sized mouse was their familiar pest. Where the black rat originally came from is a mystery. Some suppose it to be a native of America. But how did it get here? Did it swim across Behring's Strait, and traverse the whole continent of Asia? One cause of its present rarity, besides the invasion mentioned above, is that it brings forth not more than five or six young at a time, and only once a year.

There are about one hundred species of rats, large and small, audacious and harmless; very few, however, devoid of the mischievous propensity. Nine inches is a respectable length for a Norway rat; but the *giant rat* of Malabar is twenty-four inches long—one half body, the other half tail. The *hamster* species swarms in the southern provinces of Russia, and has settlements in Hungary and Germany. They are excessively fond of liquorice, whether wild or cultivated, and find abundance of either in those countries, committing sad havoc in the plantations. For winter use, they store up in their burrows from twelve to one hundred pounds of grain in the ear and seeds in pods, all well cleaned and dried. The hamster is about the size of the Norway rat, but with a tail not more than three inches in length. It has a pouch in each cheek, not seen when empty, but when full, they resemble blown bladders coated with fur. These pouches are the animal's panniers, and are generally carried home well filled from foraging expeditions, when they are emptied by pressing the forepaws against them. Dr Russell, who dissected one of these rats, found the pouches filled with young French-beans, packed one upon the other so closely and skilfully, that the most expert fingers could not have economised the receptacle to greater advantage. When taken out and laid loosely, they formed a heap three times the bulk of the creature's body! The hamster, moreover, is brave as well as prudent, and shrinks from no enemy, be it man, horse, or dog: mere

size has no terrors for it. If facing a dog, the rat empties his pouches of their contents, and then inflating them to the utmost, gives such a big, swollen appearance to his head and neck, as to present a most extraordinary contrast to his body.

The two sexes live apart in their habitations—the males in one set of chambers, the females in the other; a practice which again shews analogy between rats and some human sects. The peasants dig down to the burrows in winter, and seizing the stores of grain, and the torpid rats, they eat the flesh of the latter in some places, and sell their skins. In Germany, rewards are given by the authorities for all the rat-skins brought in; and it is on record in the town-hall of Gotha, that not fewer than 145,000 were paid for during three seasons.

Somewhat similar in habit is the *economic rat*, which is found inhabiting the American and Asiatic shores of the Arctic Ocean. This species generally form their abode in a turfy soil, where they excavate chambers a foot in diameter, with a flat arched roof, and at times thirty entrance-passages ramifying in different directions. Besides the lodging-vaults, they dig others, to be used as store-houses, and employ themselves during the summer in filling these with edible roots; and so careful are they over the task, that if the least trace of damp appears, they bring out the roots again and again on sunshiny days till they are sufficiently dried. Like their German congeners, they are exposed to pillage, especially in Kamtschatka, where the natives in winter often run short of provisions. They are found also in Iceland; but food being scant in that inhospitable country, the *economic* foragers have frequently to cross and recross rivers and lakes in their search for provant. Olafsen relates that, on such occasions, 'the party, consisting of from six to ten, select a flat piece of dried cow-dung, on which they place the berries they have collected, in a heap in the middle; and then, by their united force, drawing it to the water's edge, launch it, and embark, placing themselves round the heap, with their heads joined over it, and their backs to the water, their tails pendent in the stream, and serving the purpose of rudders.'

Numerous small animals have been classed by some naturalists as rats, just as in the United States every insect resembling a chafer or beetle is called a 'bug.' Thus the ichneumon becomes *Pharaoh's rat*, and the lemmings, which appear at times in the north of Europe multitudinous as locusts, are set down as rats. Lemmings, however, are lemmings, and not rats, though where they come from is still a mystery. The learned Munster, in his *Cosmography*, says they have been 'manifestly observed by the inhabitants to descend and fall with some feculent showers,' which is certainly a very summary way of accounting for the phenomenon, if it were but true. According to old Pontoppidan, the peasants in one part of Norway used to hold a fast-day once a year, trusting thereby to get rid of the pest of rats, mice, and lemmings; and he gives the form of an exorcism used on such occasions, beginning with the words, *Ezorcizo vos pestiferos vermes, mures, &c.*

There is another character in which rats have figured: they were once regarded as symbols of witchcraft. In Scotland, if by any chance a rat was ever seen on a cow's back, poor Brindle always 'dwined away' as an inevitable consequence. Then they shewed themselves impressible by a strange charm or spell. We have all heard of the Irish Whisperer, who could quiet the most restive and intractable horse by a whisper into his ear. Well, it appears that the bards of Ireland—that is, the hereditary race, not the interlopers—had the power of rhyming rats to death, as it was called; in other words, they put the creatures out of existence by reciting certain rhymes near their haunts. That there was something in this, may be gathered from the frequent allusions to the practice by writers within the

past four hundred years. Shakspeare makes Rosalind speak of it in words that seem to anticipate a modern theory; and Ben Jonson, in his *Poetaster*, has—

Rhime them to death, as they do Irish rats,
In drumming tunes.

In the *Rhymes against Martin Mar-Prelate*, also the possibility of rhyming rats to death is indicated in the lines—

I am a rimer of the Irish race,
And have already rimde thee staring mad;
But if thou cease not thy bold jests to spread,
I'll never leave till I have rimde thee dead.

And again, a mention of the practice is to be found in Sir Philip Sidney's writings; and Swift, with covert humour, says, rhyming to death was a power that continued to his day. May we not add, to ours?

Among other particulars of this curious subject, published in the *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, we are informed that Senchán, a famous poet of Connaught, dining one day at the king's palace, was robbed of one course by certain mice, which, during his temporary absence from the table, cleared the dish. Perceiving what had happened on his return, he began to speak a rhyme denouncing the mice, setting forth their mischief, and ending with a command:—

You mice, which are in the roof of the house,
Arise all of you, and fall down.

Whereupon ten mice fell immediately dead to the floor.

The potency of the spell was supposed to consist in the satire, more or less pungent, conveyed in the lines. Satire has always been dreaded in Ireland; so much so, that laws were made against it at an early period. Rats, too, have been much dreaded, and not without reason; for in the newspapers of our own day, we sometimes read of infants being attacked by these predaceous animals. Many in Ireland regret that St Patrick did not banish them with the snakes. Belief in the effect of the rhyme has held its ground even to the present century. It is on record, that about 1716, the Rev. John O'Mulconry, who came of the hereditary bards, banished the rats which had long swarmed in Kilferagh church-yard in such prodigious numbers that an interment could never take place without alarm; and of bodies newly buried, nothing but bones remained the second day. The worthy curate, it appears, worked the spell effectually, for a farmer who was out at early morn looking after his crops and cattle about four miles from the church, saw, to quote the chronicle, 'a rather thick and low fog or mist, confined to a narrow breadth, but extending in length almost across the bog. Surprised at such a phenomenon, he stood to observe it more closely; but his surprise was soon increased when he perceived it moving directly towards him, and with remarkable velocity. He immediately thought of his hitherto invisible neighbours, the fairies; and, thinking it would be as well not to stand in their way, he ran as fast as he could to get out of their line of march, which, having succeeded in doing, he turned to have a view of them. But his surprise was much greater at seeing in this mist a long compact train of rats, numbering hundreds of thousands, and crushing to the ground everything in the way of plant or shrub that opposed their progress.' They climbed walls and dikes, and such impediments as stood in their way, and passing through a field of standing wheat, they left a broad gap in it completely levelled. After a course of five miles they arrived at a sandy flat on the shore of the Shannon, where they speedily established a new settlement. Soon, however, the fishermen who frequented the locality complained of the injury done to their nets and other tackle by the gnawings of the vermin; and the disappearance of the rats from the church-yard, and their appearance on the flat having

been much talked of in the neighbourhood, a party of a hundred men assembled with spades and sticks to dig out and exterminate the unwelcome intruders. But though great numbers were killed, the rats defended themselves so vigorously, that the men were at last forced to betake themselves to flight, fully convinced that no mere human effort would ever expel the mischievous colony.

Even so lately as 1820, there was a man at Kilkee, who, by means of an ancient rhyme which he knew, banished rats from his house and mill; and it is still believed in Limerick, that certain men lived not long ago in that city, who, by some occult agency, could compel all the rats in a ship to come and cut their throats on an open razor fixed to the deck.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

THE next morning Robert called again on Sir Vivian Falcontower. Lord Luxton he was told was dead; the family had left town, and might be absent for some time; there was no letter or message for him. The crisis was then past. His fantastic speculation had failed; the fascinating smile of Claudia was nothing more than an ignis-fatuus; and her father was a—a right honourable. He must now be once more a hand-worker; stealing from the night sufficient time for the labour of the brain, and awaiting patiently the slow course of events. Patiently! Robert was no philosopher, and no hero. With one half of what he had been virtually promised, and by Sir Vivian's own admission had fairly earned, Sara might have been his! She loved him—this he devoutly believed, for in her noble nature there was no guile and no faltering; she would even consent to descend from her position to his, battle by his side with a courage as high as his own, and more hopeful, and waste her young and promising life in an obscure struggle for the means of subsistence. He knew now the strength of his hopes by the wrench with which they parted from his heart. The dream he had indulged during his compact with Sir Vivian, dim and indefinite at the time, was now seen distinctly for a moment—like a sinking ship revealed by lightning—before it disappeared for ever; and when it was gone, the world seemed to have passed away, and he felt as if standing alone in the immensity of space.

Misty—misty—misty was the Common through which he wandered as he turned away from Sir Vivian's door. There were voices around, but they had no articulate sound for him; figures glided past, but they were shadows, without form and void; the rain beat once more on his uncovered head, and the pools of Wearyfoot plashed beneath his feet; but the only tears that now blinded his eyes were large drops of sweat that had rolled over his cold brow.

While Robert was pursuing his metaphorical journey, making the way to Great Russell Street as long as possible, that he might have time to recover from the shock he had received, the family were waiting his arrival to get his escort to some more of the sights of London. Elizabeth was in her own room. The captain and Sara were in the parlour, the former employed in spelling through the morning newspaper in his usual straightforward way, and now in the midst of the deaths.

'I declare,' cried he, 'here is Lord Luxton dead! That is the brother of Sir Vivian Falcontower, and one of Bob's friends. I wonder if he has left him anything—no, not a penny, I'll be sworn. Do you know

Sara—talking of that—I was quite grieved the other day to see you come out of the shop with Elizabeth, so happy, so fresh, so rich looking; you had been buying the handsome what-d'ye-call-ems for your hair, and I assure you it quite made my heart ache: no easy matter to do, you know, for the heart of an old soldier grows into cast iron.

'And why, dear uncle, should you be grieved at my even looking happy?'

'Why, didn't you see? There was poor Bob, like one of the monuments in Westminster Abbey, so pale and still they are, and with eyes that don't seem to see what they are looking at. And as proud and stuck-up, too, was Bob, and as hard as the marble they are made of: he had just refused his share of my windfall, and he grasped the hand that had the money in it like a vice, and put it away without speaking. No, you shouldn't have looked that way, Sara! What a thing it is that the poor fellow has no father to do anything for him, and that he won't let me stand in his father's stead.'

'He loves you like a son,' said Sara softly.

'I know that—there's just the hardship: he would fight for me, starve for me, die for me; but when it comes to money, then he remembers that there is no blood of mine in his veins, and he will not let me be a father. What could have made him so proud?'

'Nature,' replied Sara. 'Many of us are born with good and great qualities that never come to light for want of circumstances to develop them. In Robert they have all germinated, and among the rest that manliness which is often erroneously called pride.'

'But what is to be done, Sara? If circumstances, in which I have had so great a part myself, have made him a gentleman in spirit, can I look on and see him a mechanic in station? What I offered him, I allow, would do but little permanent good—still it would enable him at least to carry on the war handsomely among those proud people who are at present hesitating as to whether they will own him or not; and it would put him more on a footing with that prodigiously fine girl we saw, who is now an honourable, and of course rolling in wealth; and who knows what might happen? This, however, is only a dream, that might come true by chance, or might not, for he is not one to disguise himself in externals, and set up for a fortune-hunter; but Bob is a clever fellow—a prodigiously clever fellow—and if he had a bit of real capital to start with, he might mount like a rocket. That's what I have been thinking of; that's what has taken away my night's rest; and if we could only hit upon some scheme to make him consider what he gets his own and use it as such, I see my way well enough to perform the duty that devolved upon me when I gathered in that poor boy out of the mist of Wearyfoot Common!' The veteran's face glowed as he spoke, and Sara felt her eyes fill as she looked at him. His hair had whitened a good deal, and his still delicate complexion and soft blue eye were no longer concealed by the mass of shadow once thrown upon them by his iron-gray whiskers, beard, and eyebrows. It was vain for the captain now to affect the ogre. His real nature was detected through all disguises; and the very blindest saw in his expression the spirit of a gentleman mellowed by the simplicity of a child, and the gentleness of a woman.

'Now, Sara,' continued he, 'you will perhaps think me selfish; you will suppose the old campaigner is at his tricks, and wanting to indulge himself at the expense of another. But I have sounded Elizabeth, and she sees no objection—she rarely does, you know, when there's nothing against her hypotheses—and the only one I have now to consult is you. You see, my lass, I have not myself a great deal of money. There is only what is left of the amount that was saved up for the commission, and the windfall I got t'other day, besides

the other dividends that are to come: that is not anything like enough. And so—you see, Sara, you are a great rich woman: still you mustn't think me selfish; I hope it is not that; I am almost sure it is not that'—

'I will swear it is not that!'

'Ah! you are a good girl, a kind-hearted girl, a generous, high-spirited girl: I think you will excuse me when I explain it. And so'—

'Uncle, speak out! Your hesitation distresses—almost insults me. Surely you cannot expect opposition from me! Only tell me what, when, how, for I consent before you ask!'

'Well, well, I was sure it would be so. The thing is this. You know Elizabeth is to be my heir, and you of course hers. But a single lady of small income doesn't want a large house, does she? Not very badly, I think. A cottage would do, wouldn't it? I think it would. And Elizabeth thinks so too. Poor Elizabeth! she is always so noble, so disinterested; and since you take after her, Sara, why the business is settled. What I want to do is to sell the Lodge.' Sara did not expect this, for if the good captain had a pride upon earth his pride was the Lodge: she seemed struck dumb for a moment; and then throwing herself upon the veteran's neck, she gave vent to a passionate burst of tears.

'Don't take on so,' said the captain, working hard to keep in the rebellious drops. 'I would not have thought of taking this advantage of her, unless I had now wherewith to insure my life to make up for it so far as money goes. But she is a noble creature, isn't she, our Elizabeth? Poor soul! and she so fond of the house, and the name, and the garden, and the walks behind it! But never mind, we'll be all the more kind to her in the cottage; we'll lighten the sacrifice in every way in our power; and make her so comfortable that at last she will forget the Lodge altogether, or at least only think of it softly and dimly as she thinks of poor Mollison.'

All this being settled, the important question was, how to get the intended gift palmed upon Robert as something that was his own? The sum contemplated was a thousand pounds; and with this wealth at his back, the captain fancied his protégé might defy the world. Even Sara was not slow to be persuaded of the fact, for her knowledge of money was founded solely on the experience she had acquired in the economical housekeeping of Semple Lodge; but in regard to the schemes proposed by the captain for blinding Robert to the nature of the windfall, she was far more difficult. One after another she dismissed as impracticable, and ended by begging her uncle to leave the subject, in the meantime, to her consideration. There was no hurry, she argued, for a few days; and, at anyrate, nothing could be done in it till they were just leaving town, for they would be sure to betray themselves by their looks when questioned by Robert.

'So, dear uncle,' she continued, 'you must, for the present, merely beat time. Since you have taken me into consultation, you should not stir a step without my knowledge. May I depend upon this? Do you give me your promise?'

'Of course I do. I will, in the meantime, merely see about the title-deeds, and so on, and put the thing in train, so that as soon as we hit upon a plan, the sale can be effected.'

'Even that will be imprudent. We shall be much with Robert, you know; and as he is not aware of any private business you can have to transact in London, the least motion on your part will ultimately lead to detection. Promise me, dear uncle, that you will do nothing before consulting further with me—nothing to which I am not a party myself. Only promise me this—do!' Sara spoke eagerly, and with a flushed face, and the veteran looked at her with anxiety.

'I promise,' said he, 'and that is enough. But I don't like your appearance, Sara: your cheeks are burning, your eyes have a hot light, and your manner is feverish. You are not well yet. We must get everything over as fast as possible, and go back to Wearyfoot. For my part, I wish now we had never left it; we could have managed our business well enough through some lawyer fellow; and even Bob's money would have come to him less suspiciously if we were at a distance. All we have got by coming here is seeing the play; Elizabeth does not look as if she knew she was out of her own parlour; Molly is as cross as two sticks, and flings about like a mad drum-major of ours, with a name as like her own as if they were twins; a name—no, not exactly in one syllable; in fact it was rather a long name than otherwise—a very long name: but—here comes Elizabeth, looking as if she couldn't help it, and didn't care.'

Robert's walk had restored his firmness; and when he presented himself that forenoon to his country friends, they even thought from his manner that he had heard satisfactory news. To their inquiries, he replied merely that in consequence of the sudden death of Lord Luxton, the Falcontower family had left town. To Sara he spoke kindly, but not familiarly, and took no notice whatever of the peculiarity in her appearance that had been observed by her uncle. This peculiarity gradually disappeared; the hot light died in her eyes; and a cold still reserve mantled over the whole expression. She, likewise, spoke kindly—but distantly. It might have seemed that a gulf of deep smooth water was between them, over which their voices were wafted melodiously to the ear, but inarticulate to the heart.

Sara, too, was resolved. It was clear to her that Robert had fallen, she knew not how, under the dominion of that terrible Claudia, whose image had so long haunted her. It was clear that he had struggled; that he had yielded; that he felt remorse; that at times, in the absence of the enchantress, a dying gleam of the old passion shot up in his heart and in his eyes; and that his whole bearing to her was characterised by the stern unbending honour of his character. There were moments, however, when she thought he did not love Claudia; that in some fated moment ambition had aided the spells of her beauty and her genius; and that he had fallen into toils from which it was at once impossible and dishonourable to escape. But whichever of these hypotheses was the true one, Sara's course was clear. She would not be an object of pity—on that she was resolved—unless she died in the struggle to conceal her feelings; and, guiltless as he was—for she devoutly believed him to be the unwilling victim of some infatuation or fatality—he should owe no pang to her that she could save him.

That forenoon was devoted to some of the ordinary lions of London; and Robert, by strong self-compulsion, threw his mind into the subjects before them, till he eventually forgot his own individuality in the interest they excited. Sara, too, was gradually withdrawn from herself, till she listened with absorbed attention. Never before had she been so much struck with the boldness and originality of his views, with the freshness he conferred upon topics the most hackneyed and worn out, with the power he possessed of giving life to inanimate objects, and of dissipating the shadows that obscure the past. He addressed himself to the three collectively, but she knew that it was for her advantage he spoke, and that he did so unconsciously, as if from a habit of his mind. In this particular his conversation reminded her of his letters from school, and she wondered whether, at each new flight his genius had taken from the small vantage-ground of scholastic learning, he had thought of his poor pupil. To-day, at any rate, he did think of her, at least in the intellectual part, and she was inexpressibly gratified to find him taking every opportunity of indoctrinating her with his own opinions in reference

to the subjects of her studies. On one occasion, for instance, when the captain had expressed his astonishment at the ease with which he translated certain Latin inscriptions in Westminster Abbey, she asked him whether he did so literally, or transfused the meaning, as it were, into English.

'I make the inquiry,' she added, 'because I have recently been doing a little Italian into English, and I was puzzled to know which is the best method.'

'In translating inscriptions,' replied Robert, 'or history, biography, science—anything that depends upon the truth of facts, the translation should be as literal as the idiom of the language permits. But it is poetry you are busy with, and that is in a different category; inasmuch as poetry speaks to us, in great part, by means of images, which in the course of time, and the conversion of language, may lose their value and significance. For instance, the Homeric expression, 'cow-eyed or ox-eyed Juno,' would do very well with us in a travesty of the great epic, but in a serious translation so ludicrous an idea—and one that does not give us the faintest notion of the sense of the author—should not be admitted. In a case like this, I think the image should be dropped, and only its meaning translated. The object of poetry is not to communicate facts, but to give enjoyment of a fine and lofty nature; and anything that interrupts this, bespeaks, on the part of the translator, a want both of taste and fidelity.' Such dry discussions, as the reader probably thinks them, were very delightful for Sara. They kept her mind in contact with Robert's, and prevented her from thinking of the gulf that was between their fortunes.

In the afternoon, or what was such to them, they looked on for awhile at the fashionables taking their forenoon ride, or saunter, in Hyde Park, and then lounged away through the trees in the direction of the Serpentine River. They were followed at a distance by two gentlemen, the older of whom at one time seemed anxious to restrain his order.

'I tell you what, Fancourt,' said Adolphus, 'I have more than once suspected that in this matter you have all along been playing into my mother's hand! She desired to break-off my suit to a young lady in the country, and just at the *à propos* moment comes your proposal that I shall lay siege to a woman of rank and fashion much higher than my own.'

'Well, Dolphy,' replied Fancourt languidly, 'you acted upon my proposal, and have now received the father's permission to pay your addresses, and his promise to render you all the aid in his power. What then?'

'Just this: that you believed from the first that I had no chance whatever with Miss Falcontower—which, by the way, has latterly been one great reason why I persevered against hope—and even against my own wishes.'

'Against your own wishes?'

'Yes; for this curious Claudia had begun to tire, and, in fact, at times to alarm me. Her very imperiousness at first was attractive; the strange passiveness with which I yielded myself to her power made me feel as if I was under fascination, and gave an air of romance to my position, the very dimness and mystery of which blinded and bewildered me. But after a time I was startled when I reflected that marriage is not a scene in a comedy or a chapter in a romance, and when I began to picture this heroine of my imagination in the character of a wife. The intimacy she had somehow formed with the fellow Oaklands was another staggerer, when I turned the thing coolly over in my mind, and more especially when it occurred to me that neither before nor after marriage would it be possible for human power to divert her from any fancy she had once taken into her head.'

'In a word, the fair Claudia's theory had failed her

once more; and you—but that is the mystery—why did you propose when you no longer desired to marry her?’

‘Because I was a fool; because it was obvious that you considered my suit hopeless; and because I fancied somehow it was necessary to go on. I did so; I took the irrevocable step; and that very evening—but you will laugh!—well, what is that to me? I am independent of your opinion; I am the head of my family; and I have a right to do, and think, and feel as I choose!’

‘Surely you have. But what’s in the wind now? It was Sir Vivian Falcontower who promised you his influence with Claudia, not Lord Luxton: you will find that both his lordship and his honourable daughter will now look quite over the head of a commoner—so your proposal is the same as if it never had been made.’

‘I am quite aware of that, and I await the rejection of my suit with much philosophy.’

‘Then whence the heroics? That very evening? Why, on that evening you were at the play—have you been smitten by an actress, and is the mad Orlando now your part?’

‘On the contrary, I have been recalled to my senses. Your “rosy-checked apple” won’t pass with me now, for I have seen specimens of all varieties of fruit, and am a connoisseur. In short, I am no longer to be blinded by your sneers, for I can oppose to them my own knowledge and judgment: that evening I saw Miss Semple at the theatre; and I can undertake to say that, although without the brilliance of Claudia, she is as superior to her in real beauty and true dignity of deportment, as she is in nobleness of character.’

‘Miss Semple!’ mused Fancourt—‘is that the animated wax-figure I had the honour of dancing with at the Hall? She is dignified, I admit—or something or other, I can’t tell what. She made me, I know, feel deucedly queer; and I am sure, notwithstanding the excitement of dancing, my temperature fell seven or eight degrees Fahrenheit, at the least.’

‘Come, that won’t pass,’ said Seacole, smiling in spite of himself, ‘for you acknowledged her niece at the time to be both the most beautiful and the most distinguished-looking girl in the room; and a few minutes ago you paid her unconscious homage, by affirming that the figure of the lady—of that lady before us—was absolutely perfection.’

‘Oh, I see! I now call the whole thing to mind. So, that is Rosy-apple, is it, with the hairy captain? But who is that handsome young fellow gallanting my partner?—I begin to feel jealous there.’

‘That fellow is Oaklands.’

‘Indeed! I don’t wonder now at your dislike to him. A prodigiously fine young man he is—just the figure and bearing of the conventional nobleman, of an earl, or baron at the least, of the drama or the novel. I should not like such a fellow to be on intimate terms with any Rosy-apple of mine!’

‘It won’t do, Fancourt: I am quite comfortable. They were brought up together as brother and sister, and have not met till now since long before I came of age. I watched them like a hawk the whole evening in the theatre, without being seen myself; and even now, so far from walking side by side, they have never exchanged either word or look for the last half-hour. It is clear to me, what I suspected before, that Oaklands has been scorched in the blaze of Claudia’s eyes; and it is equally clear, that if he ever had the impudence to think of the niece of his patron with other feelings than those of the beggarly dependent he was, she now observes the change with profound indifference. I must speak to them, and get their address.’

‘Wait till you are formally off with Claudia,’ said Fancourt, laying his hand upon his friend’s arm. ‘Your

man Poring will manage to ferret them out easily enough. Come, take my advice.’

‘I have taken it once too often,’ replied Seacole, doggedly: ‘Claudia’s answer I am sure of; and the moment I receive it—which will be the day after she returns to town—I will demand one from Sara, which my mother prevented me from obtaining on the night of the fête at the Hall.’ There was a surly stubbornness in his manner while he said this, which gave Fancourt to understand, for he was an observer of character, that further opposition would be useless, and both gentlemen quickened their steps till they came very near the party they pursued.

‘I say, Fancourt,’ said Seacole, now hanging back a little—‘since you are so famous at giving advice, I want you to tell me what you think I should say. The fact is, I put the question to Miss Semple point blank—my mother interrupted us—and I have never seen her since. That is awkward, isn’t it? I feel decidedly queer.’

‘My advice is just what I have already given: I would certainly counsel you—— But at the moment the enemy wheeled about on their return home, and in another minute the two parties met face to face.

The meeting was not so unpleasant for Seacole as he had anticipated. He was rather an object of compassion than anything else in the captain’s eyes, and was besides associated with some ideas of the comic which influenced his reception by the veteran. As for Sara, on seeing suddenly the favoured lover of her girlhood, and in the presence of another to whom her woman’s heart had been irrevocably given, a painful blush suffused her face—not the less painful that she knew herself to be at the moment the object of Robert’s scrutinising gaze. Seacole’s countenance reflected the suffusion; but his eyes blazed with a triumphant light, altogether different from the beams that were hidden beneath Sara’s drooping lids. He addressed to her, however, only a few common-place words, and then directed his discourse to the captain, giving him an account of a review which was speedily to take place in the Park.

‘Will Miss Semple,’ said Fancourt to Elizabeth, ‘deign to recall to her remembrance the partner who had the honour of dancing with her at the Hall?’

‘The action of the memory,’ replied the virgin, ‘is for the most part spontaneous. I remember distinctly a white cravat on the occasion referred to, and that cravat I have every reason to believe was on the neck of the gentleman who now speaks to me.’ This was so far satisfactory; and the hermit of the Albany entered freely into conversation with our spinster, and being an observant man of the world, succeeded very soon in regaining the place in her esteem of which his letter to Seacole, sent to them by Miss Heavystoke, had for a time dispossessed him. As they arrived at a more crowded part of the ring, where a hurried motion now and then took place among the spectators, for the purpose of observing some passing equipage of more than ordinary pretension, our promenaders were obliged to separate, and a different arrangement of the interlocutors took place. The captain was in advance, and Adolphus found himself the escort of Sara.

‘Miss Semple,’ said he, ‘pardon my abruptness, for there is no opportunity for ceremony. The last time I conversed with you alone, we were interrupted by my mother; and for awhile I thought it fortunate that such was the case, for, judging by what you had said, I had a nervous dread of what was to come. I resolved to give you time for reflection. The time I assigned in my own mind has almost passed, and very soon I shall entreat to be permitted at least to renew the friendly intercourse that was once the happiness of my life.’

‘I cannot have the least objection,’ replied Sara quietly, ‘to meet on friendly terms the visitors in

my uncle's house. If you are invited there, I shall not have any disinclination to receive you as an acquaintance.'

'And this is all? O Sara—O Miss Semple!'

'Mr Seacole,' interrupted Sara, 'I cannot help feeling some shame on your account! Perhaps it is wrong in me to express it; perhaps it may even be considered indelicate to mention what has come to my knowledge; but I have not mingled much with society, and I may be excused for being ignorant of its punctilios. At any rate, I cannot see a gentleman who has treated me with kindness and distinction place himself in the humiliating position you seem desirous of occupying; and I will therefore say at once, that when you were in the neighbourhood of Luxton Castle, I was in correspondence with my former governess, Miss Heavystoke, and that she forwarded to me a letter from your friend, Mr Fancourt, which you returned to her, with angry contempt, in mistake for mine.' Adolphus seemed thunder-struck for a moment; but he soon recovered.

'Your generosity,' said he, 'should not surprise me, for it is only consistent with your character. But I am in reality more the object of wonder and commiseration than contempt; for the infatuation into which I fell for a moment, while smarting under your virtual rejection, was no more my fault than if I had been struck by the pestilence as it passed by! You do not know the individual you allude to—you do not know the nature of the power she exercises, although so speedily neutralised in my case by a holier enchantment—you do not know'—

'I know all.'

'Do you know that he whom you regarded as a teacher—he, of whose knowledge, self-possession, and strength of character you had formed so lofty an idea'—

'No more: I know all!' She looked back, shudderingly. They were now clear of the crowd. Robert was at some distance behind, walking slowly, with erect figure, fixed eyes—silent, desolate, alone. Sara thought little about herself at that moment; but she could have wept for him.

THE PUN UPON NAMES.

Palter with us in a double sense.

AMONGST the most inveterate tendencies of our corrupt nature, one not the least difficult to eradicate is that of punning. In the most exalted stations, indeed, no less than in the lowest, we find a constant straining after verbal witticism; and not only do popes, prelates, and princes forget the cares of church and state in this seductive pastime, but the swink hedger, as he sits at his supper, utters his stupid joke, and is refreshed. Circumstances the most solemn, instead of repressing this tendency, frequently call it into more active exercise. Dr Johnson, indeed, in the preface to his edition of Shakespeare, severely censures that writer for playing with words upon serious occasions. 'A quibble,' says he, 'was to him the fatal Cleopatra; for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.' It must, however, be remembered, that though the doctor made sturdy efforts to emancipate the drama from the restrictions in which the writers of the French classical school had cabined, cribbed, and confined it, he had not entirely extricated his own mind from their hateful trammels. The truth and reality whose claims he advocated, though a great improvement upon the false and freezing conceptions of Corneille and Racine, yet fall very far short of actual life.

The censure, indeed, which he casts upon Shakespeare, must be shared by nearly all the great writers of ancient and modern times; nay, nature herself must be brought to the bar, for no one who is conversant with real scenes of distress will venture to deny that

grief and indignation, no less than mirth and gaiety, find vent in these sports of the fancy. In short, wherever we turn our eyes, a quibble of this sort stares us in the face, now puzzling us in the devices of heralds, and now warning us in solemn accents from the tomb.

The pun or metaphor derived from the names of persons and places, is one which Aristotle has not disdained to recommend to the use of the student of his *Rhetoric*; and in this paper we propose giving a few of the many instances which are scattered up and down the wide field of history and literature; and we shall begin with those which are the exponents of grief and despair.

The Hebrews, more than any other people, seem to have found relief for sorrow and every other perturbation of mind in thus playing with names: the numerous examples in the Old Testament are too well known to be brought forward here, and we shall content ourselves with citing one only, which strikes us as especially pathetic. Naomi, the bereaved wife and mother, returning with her daughter-in-law to her own people—we are told that it came to pass, when they came to Bethlehem, that all the city was moved about them, and they said: 'Is this Naomi?' And she said unto them: 'Call me not Naomi; call me Marah,* for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me.'

The great trio of Athenian dramatists abound in instances of this kind; but these we pass hastily over, as it is manifest that such passages lose more than any others by translation; and were we to cite them in the original, the fairer portion of our readers might with reason complain that we were far too learned to be agreeable. We will, therefore, only say that the Ajax or Aias of Sophocles finds his misfortunes foreboded by his name, which bears a fatal resemblance to the *Aiai* or exclamation of woe.

We now turn to the writers of our own country, who yield to neither Hebrew nor Greek in expression of pathos; and our first instance we take from the scene in which the volatile and licentious Richard visits his dying uncle.

K. Rich. What comfort, man? how is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O how that name befits my composition!

Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old.

Within me grief has kept a tedious fast,

And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?—

For sleeping England long time have I watched;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.

The pleasures that some fathers feed upon

Is my strict fast; I mean—my children's looks.

And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.

Gaunt am I from the grave, gaunt as a grave,

Whose hollow tomb inherits naught but bones.

The poet Wither, lamenting the declining estate of his family, is weighty and elegant—

The very name of *Wither* shews decay.

Perhaps, however, Robert Davenport, in his play of *King John and Matilda*, first acted in 1690, is more successful than either. Hubert is introduced recapitulating to the English barons a long series of injuries done them; then turning to Fitzwater, whose daughter had been violated by John, he exclaims:

And thou, Fitzwater, reflect upon thy name,

And turn the son of tears.†

In Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, Viola having escaped from shipwreck, and supposing her brother to have been drowned, inquires the name of the country on

* *Naomi*, pleasant; *Marah*, bitter.

† *Fitzwater*, the son of water. We almost wish that Davenport had written—

And thou, Fitzwater, reflect upon thy name,
Indeed a son of tears.

which she has landed, and the captain answering Illyria, she replies prettily enough:

And what should I do in *Illyria*?
My brother, he is in *Elysium*.

The last instance we shall bring forward in this kind, though not strictly a play upon the name of person or place, is so closely akin to the subject, and so excellent in itself, that we do not hesitate to introduce it. The unhappy Duke of Buckingham, being led to execution, inquires of those around him—

This is All-Souls-Day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then, All-Souls-Day is my body's dooms-day.

This is the day which, in King Edward's time, I wished might fall on me, when I was found False to his children or his wife's allies.
This is the day wherein I wished to fall By the false faith of him whom most I trusted.
This, the All-Souls-Day to my fearful soul, Is the determined respite of my wrongs.

King Richard III. Act v. Scene i.

In the dramatic entertainments of modern times, it is found expedient, after depressing the spirits of the spectators by the solemnity of tragedy, to dismiss them cheered and revived by a light and airy farce. Imitating that example, we now turn from instances of sorrow and woe to those of compliment and raillery.

At some era during the Roman Empire—but whether that of Nero or of the Antonines, or what other, depends upon the date assigned to the *Satyricon* of Petronius, a question which Burmann, Ignarra, and Niebuhr must settle among them—persons aiming at an air of good *ton* used to interlard their conversation with quibbles of this sort. Thus the wealthy parvenu Trimalchio takes care not to omit this point in his celebrated entertainment, and accordingly gives his carver the name of *Carpus*; so that in crying *Carpe, Carpe* (carve, carve), he at once names the man, and gives him directions. So also Martial represents *Emilianus*, a person of somewhat similar character, as giving his cook the name of *Mistyllus*—the Greek word *Mistylle* being nearly equivalent to the Latin *Carpe*.

Returning to Shakspeare, we find the shipwrecked heir of Naples, as might be expected from his rank and education, far more felicitous. Addressing the daughter of Prospero, he says:

I do beseech you
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers),
What is your name?

The lady replies:

Miranda. Oh, my father,
I have broke your heart to say so!

The youth, however, reassures her:

Admired Miranda—
Indeed the top of admiration—worth
What's dearest in the world.

In the *Magic Ring* of De la Motte Fouqué, the fair Lisberta of *Milan* is dignified with the title of *Die malichste blume des lieblich Mailand*; and in *Much Ado About Nothing*, the man-hating Beatrice complaining of sickness, her cousin and her cousin's maid take occasion to rally her on a supposed affection for the woman-hating Benedick.

Beat. By my troth, I am sick.
Mary. Get you some of the distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it's the only thing for a quailm.
Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus? Why Benedictus? You have some moral in this Benedictus.

Mary. Moral? No, by my troth, I have no moral meaning: I meant plain holy-thistle.

For a *jeu-d'esprit* of this kind, however, M. Alcide Mirobolant must be admitted to carry off the palm. Most of our readers are aware that this great *artiste* conceived a romantic but misplaced attachment for Miss Blanche Amory, the daughter of the house in which he was *chef de cuisine*. In a moment of inspiration, he bethought himself of declaring, or rather of delicately intimating, his passion in a manner which only his own words can do justice to. We shall simply here say, that the object of his affections receiving at dinner some 'comrades of the pension,' he served up a repast entirely in accordance with her 'lovely name of *Blanche*,' only permitting himself one brown thing in the whole entertainment—a little roast of lamb. We are not surprised to learn that his compliment met with a perfect success. 'I stood at the door,' says he, 'to watch the effect. It was but one cry of admiration. The three young ladies filled their glasses with the sparkling Aij, and carried me in a toast. I heard it—I heard miss speak of me—I heard her say: "Tell Monsieur Mirobolant that we thank him—we admire him—we love him." My feet almost failed me as she spoke.'

Not only youths and virgins, however, but, as was hinted before, saints and fathers of the church, find relaxation and solace in these sports of the fancy. St Jerome writing to Desiderius, says: 'Salutation unto thee, and thy holy and venerable sister Serenilla, who, true to her name, has passed the stormy waves of the world, and arrived at Christ's own calm; though your name, too, is not without good augury: for we read that the holy Daniel was called a man of *desires*, because he desired to know the mysteries of God.'

Again, in Jerome's *Epistle to Principia*, he plays upon the name of Macarius, the pupil of his early friend, but subsequent enemy, Rufinus. 'Then, too,' says he, 'there arrived in Rome *Olbius*,* who might have been true to his name, had he not fallen in with so pernicious a master.'

Sometimes, again, the pun on the name is used to convey something of warning in addition to compliment. Thus in Massinger's *Pictures*, Mathias, a knight of Bohemia, on leaving his wife Sophia for the wars, urges her not to give way to excessive grief.

Be now, as thy name,
Truly interpreted,† has ever spoke thee,
Wise and discreet, and to thy understanding
Marry thy constant patience.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A LATE return from St Martin's-le-Grand shews that in one week of the present year 8,329,000 letters passed through the Post-office. No wonder that, with such an increase, the busy establishment is strained for room! Where is it to stop? or is it one of those growths which admit of continuous expansion? Trade has much to do with it, for the exports of last year were nearly sixteen millions more than in 1852. The amount of business represented by such a sum is indeed enormous, and yet it is merely something over and above the ordinary aggregate. Art and science, too, contribute their share to the increase, as those best know who are engaged in promoting either. Scientific societies now avail themselves largely of the post-office, and send reports of their proceedings to all parts of the world.

The past month shews that the spirit of invention has not been idle. Dr Stenhouse comes forward with his 'Charcoal Respirator'—that is, a respirator so

* The unlearned reader may need to be informed that the words *Macarius* and *Olbius* both signify *fortunate*.
† *Sophia*, wisdom.

contrived as to hold a thin layer of charcoal-powder between the two sheets of fine wire gauze through which the air passes. This being fitted to the mouth in the usual way, will enable the wearer to breathe anywhere and everywhere, in a contaminated or contagious atmosphere, with impunity. The utility of such an instrument is at once obvious: it may be worn in cholera and fever hospitals, on board infected ships, amid the deadly miasm of New Orleans or the plague quarter of Constantinople; and we are assured, that with one of these respirators over the mouth, no harm has resulted from breathing the most offensive and noxious gases.

The idea was suggested by certain recent experiments which have brought to light a most remarkable effect of charcoal in the decomposition of animal substances. Mr Turnbull of Glasgow having buried a dead dog in charcoal-powder in an open shallow box, found, at the end of six months, but little of the animal left except the bones, so complete was the decomposition. And notwithstanding that the box was left uncovered, and the layer of powder above the dog not more than an inch in thickness, no offensive effluvia was at any time perceptible. Similar experiments have been made since, and with the same result. Here we have an important preventive agent against danger arising from a corpse in a house or on board ship, and, as Dr Stenhouse points out, a foul church-yard may be purified by spreading a layer of charcoal over the surface; while, by putting charcoal in the coffins in all future interments, the work of decomposition would be hastened and rendered innocuous. Seeing the probability of a series of skirmishes with the cholera during the coming summer, and the necessity for further sanitation, we consider this subject of the application of charcoal every way worthy of attention.

Important also in a sanitary point of view is the washing-machine invented by Mr Moseley of Birmingham. A really effective apparatus of this sort has long been a desideratum, and here it appears to be realised; for the dirty linen is literally taken in at one end, and turned out at the other thoroughly cleansed and wrung. Besides saving of hand-labour, there is great saving of time; the machine will wash in a quarter-hour as much as a washerwoman in a day. Then there is the contrivance by which all domestic fireplaces are to be made to consume their own smoke—the invention of Dr Arnott, to whom society is already largely indebted for sundry improvements in the art of heating and ventilation. The grate is to be fed at the bottom, so that the smoke and gases rising through the fire above will be consumed, instead of, as at present, flying off in waste to foul the atmosphere; and the chimney throat is cone-shaped with a valve at its upper extremity, to regulate the passage of air, whereby heat is economised. The apparatus can be fitted to any ordinary grate; and we are told, that with this, eighteen pounds of coal suffice to keep an average sized room at a temperature of 65 degrees for twenty-four hours. Dr Franklin in his day saw the absurdity of feeding a fire from the top, and he contrived a pivot-grate, which being inverted to receive its supply of coal below, was then swung back to its usual position. Dr Arnott, however, effects the purpose in a more convenient way, and we hope to see his apparatus adopted in every house. When that shall be done, we may trust that even our great manufacturing towns will be no longer shut from the blue sky that stretches over all.

It has been suggested more than once, that heat might be supplied to houses as well as water or gas. The experiment would be worth trying; and the blocks of houses building in flats in Westminster offer good scope for a trial. The gas supply, too, needs looking after: the quantity consumed yearly in the metropolis is 4,000,000,000 cubic feet; and if the quality were accordant, we should have something like the perfection

of artificial light. But Dr Letheby, who is investigating the subject for the corporation, has shewn that the London gas is exceedingly impure, injurious alike to house, health, and atmosphere, and manifestly in need of improvement. The question has been recently taken up in Paris, and the commission appointed to examine it express astonishment in their report to the Académie, 'that while we see every day with what minute care numberless articles of merchandise are weighed or measured, consumers of gas are content to measure the volume received only, and not its quality; when, as is well known, accidents or fraud in the manufacture, or admixture of atmospheric air, will cause a loss of from 20 to 50 per cent. in illuminating power.' This is taking a true view of the point at issue; and we agree with the recommendation of the commission, that gas should be purchased by its light-giving power, not by quantity. The question is an important one; while waiting for its settlement, there is a 'patent gas regulator,' applicable to any number of burners, in use at Manchester, which will enable consumers to effect a considerable saving.

One or two very curious questions in the obscurer branches of science, have been made the topic of lectures at the Royal Institution. Dr Tyndall, taking up the subject of the tones emitted by masses of heated metal while cooling, proved by experiment the incorrectness of the explanation hitherto received, but without being able as yet to assign the phenomena to their true cause. Another was on some most extraordinary effects of motion, which the Rev. Baden Powell, though he interested his auditors in the experiments, could give no satisfactory solution of. One of the effects is this: let a beam, free to turn in all directions, be balanced horizontally on the top of a standard, then put a small wheel on one end, cause it to rotate rapidly, and the beam will still retain its level position, notwithstanding the weight of the wheel. It is as though motion nullified gravity; but as some of our most ingenious philosophers are examining into the phenomena, we may hope that an explanation will ere long be found. Another important subject is that brought forward by Professor Edward Forbes, who has started an inquiry as to the depth of primeval oceans, and he believes it possible to throw light upon it by a study of the colour of fossil shells. The shallower the water, the more intense the colour, is the experience gained by dredging in the seas of the present period; and reasoning from analogy, we may infer the same law prevailed in the earlier periods. Ehrenberg, too, contributes something more to our knowledge of ocean life: he has examined specimens of the mud brought up from depths of 6000 fathoms, and finds them to contain *living* infusoria. The astronomers also have been somewhat excited, not by the discovery of a new planet, but by a book on the *Plurality of Worlds*, written to prove that there is no plurality. The author, a learned doctor of Cambridge, contends that this globe of ours, and this alone, is inhabited. All the others are lifeless. He has thrown down his challenge; it will soon be picked up.

The endeavour to convert water or air into a motive-power for engines, is still vigorously prosecuted on both sides the Atlantic and both sides of the Channel. The searchers are determined to keep on till they have found a substitute for steam. M. Franchot, after many years of study and labour, has now completed his hot-air engine, in which there are no slides, valves, or stops. 'It is,' he says, 'combined in such a way as best to utilise the motive-power of the calorific. The masses of air enclosed between two movable pistons undergo, in fact, continuous and gradual variations of pressure and of temperature, and return periodically to their primitive condition.' M. Nickles is pursuing his experiments on the magnetisation of rails, and succeeds in making a model locomotive run up-hill as soon as the magnetic current is

turned on. Another electro-magnetic weaving-machine has been invented in Paris, and publicly exhibited; so France and Sardinia may now emulate each other in bringing the ingenious contrivance into general use. As though to provide work for it, a new species of silk-worm has been carried from Assam to Malta, where they are being 'educated,' prior to their introduction into other countries bordering on the Mediterranean, to reinvigorate the European breeds, some of which give signs of decay. It appears, too, that we are likely to have certain kinds of silk from India, hitherto unknown in this country, which, when properly treated, can be woven into shawls equal to any brought from the East. There is a prospect of silk becoming one of the resources of Natal. Several specimens were shewn in a recent exhibition of native produce in that colony; silk-worms thrive well there, and for ten months in the year have abundance of mulberry-leaves.

It is of great importance for the economical application of electricity, that the products of the battery should become economically useful. In the ordinary zinc and copper battery, the sulphate of zinc formed is of little use, except for the purpose of smelting to regain the metal, for its immediate application as an emetic or medicament does not lead to any great consumption of the article. Accordingly, various experiments have been made, with the view of obtaining a battery product of sufficiently extensive utility. Roberts's battery substituted tin instead of zinc, and the exciting fluid being nitric acid, produced stannic oxide, which afterwards being united with soda, formed stannate of soda, an article largely used by calico-printers for brightening the colours on cotton and on woollen fabrics. The profit on this product, it was thought, would pay the expenses of working the battery, the electricity from which, in that case, would be obtained for nothing. Great hopes were entertained that this process of manufacture would be extensively followed, but this does not seem to have been as yet realised. Dr Watson has broached a similar idea, using prussiate of potash as one of the exciting fluids, and producing a prussian-blue or prussiate of zinc, from the decomposition of the iron or zinc cells employed. Sometimes chromate of potash is used, which acting on the products of decomposition of lead cells, forms the bright yellow chromate of lead. Whether these products can be obtained more advantageously or cheaper in the battery than if the ingredients were mixed out of the cells in common vessels, is a question which an extended experience will soon decide.

Dr Giannetti of Orezza, Corsica, shews that a balloon may be used for raising heavy objects from deep water. With one 12 feet in diameter, filled with carbonic acid gas, he lifted 31,000 kilogrammes; and 150 kilogrammes with another, only 10 inches diameter—a remarkable case of great results with small means. Such a balloon, with a clock movement adapted to it, may be made to rise or fall at pleasure; and flat air-tight bags filled with the same gas, would lift ships over a sand-bank or a bar at the mouth of a river, and thus prove of service in navigation.

The Académie at Paris have issued their prize-list, which includes subjects in mathematics, physiology, agriculture, statistics, pauperism, and other branches of knowledge. A gold medal of 3000 francs is offered to any one who will 'establish the equations of the general movements of the terrestrial atmosphere, regard being had to the rotation of the earth, the calorific action of the sun, and to the attractive forces of the sun and moon.' The ingenious individual who has just sent them notice that he has discovered the relations between the movements of the heavenly bodies and the changes in our atmosphere, ought to compete for this prize. From a report laid before the same learned body, the experiments for the preservation of building-

stone appear to have been completely successful. Some portions of the walls of Notre Dame, washed over with a solution of silicate of potash, have retained a perfectly dry surface, and present no traces of the green moss which appears on other parts of the edifice. Soft stones have become hard under the application, and the smooth coating has the further effect of greatly diminishing the adherence of dust and cobwebs.

The Industrial Society of Mulhausen have given a prize to two chemists for their success in producing sal-ammoniac in considerable quantities from the refuse liquid of gasworks. And the French government, having an eye to the efficiency of their marine, offer a prize for the smallest construction of engines to propel rapidly with the screw. What we can do in this way has been most satisfactorily demonstrated by the passages of the steam-transport fleet to the East. The *Himalaya* screwed her way to Malta in a little over seven days, and the *Orinoco* steamed from the island to Gibraltar in less than four days. Slow though he be, it thus appears that John has not made over to Jonathan all his power of going ahead, nor yet all his acquisitiveness. The Dutch once monopolised the unenviable reputation of selling powder to the enemy; but now we find that Englishmen, not content with having sold ammunition to the Caffres, were supplying the Czar with barrels of the same combustible, and shot and war-steamers to boot, until the Queen's proclamation stopped them. With some people, the fact that money can be made, appears to justify any transaction, however demoralising. There was something tragical, as the *Times* remarked, in thus sending out soldiers in one ship, and the powder to shoot them in another. Truly we are a model people!

To the no little contentment of the Photographic Society, their art is to be turned to account in the coming war: the commander-in-chief is to have his photographer, who will take sun-pictures of places, constructions, and events, whereby faithful details will be preserved, and often to the saving of much tedious labour in writing descriptions and reports. Should the artist be of an adventurous spirit, he may find frequent occasions for taking photographic images of the flight of cannon-balls and bullets—a task which Mr Fox Talbot has more than once attempted, but hitherto in vain. A whole staff of artists and savans goes with the French army, according to precedent; our lively neighbours having a happy knack of mingling science and slaughter.

The line of steamers from Melbourne to the Isthmus is abandoned for the present, as not likely to pay. Three of the vessels built for the service have been sold to the French government, and the other two are chartered by our own. So the field for swift-sailing ships is still open in the Australian trade; and with a few such as the *Lightning*, the Boston-built clipper of 2000 tons that came across the Atlantic from light-house to light-house in ten days, we can afford to wait till Ericsson gets his calorific-engine to work, and then the cost of coal may be disregarded. The people of Adelaide are so well pleased at the opening of the Murray, that they are going to run four more steamers on that river, the result of which will doubtless be to create a trade as valuable as gold-mines. The proposal of the Geographical Society for another North Australian exploring expedition, is approved by government, and will be aided by a money-grant. It will cost probably £5000. Captain Stokes is to have the command, with Mr Haug as assistant. The project is, to ascend as far as possible the Victoria, that river being navigable for frigates sixty miles from its mouth, and then strike across in a direct line for Adelaide; a course which it is thought may bring the party upon the source of the Albert. We trust a happier fate will attend this new effort to penetrate the unknown interior, than befell the Leichardt

expedition. Dr Barth has shewn what can be done in the way of overcoming difficulties.

Late accounts from Panama shew the difficulties in the way of a ship-canal across the Isthmus to be much more formidable than had been represented. Fresh surveys will have to be made; meanwhile the railway is lengthening, and the passage from ocean to ocean will soon occupy but a few hours. The work of surveying is not unattended with risk: three men of Commander Prevost's party were killed, and a fourth carried off prisoner by the Darien Indians. Bogota promises to lend 200 troops for protection in future.

The war-cloud which hangs over Europe will have burst ere these lines appear in print: the first shot will have been fired, and a contest begun of which no man can foresee the end. The consequences are already felt in more ways than the fall of funds: trade, finding its ordinary channels closed, is seeking new ones. A line of screw-steamers is talked of to run from Hull to the Prussian ports on the Baltic, from whence merchandise may be conveyed overland to the subjects of the Czar, who will still want English manufactures, notwithstanding their imperial master's wrongheadedness. And with Russian hemp risen to L.64 a ton, earnest inquiries are being made for a substitute; some say that if due pains be taken, the East Indies will supply all we want, and more; and as for tallow, chemists are to find a substitute. It appears, too, that cotton may be used instead of hemp for sailcloth, and with manifest advantage. It has been successfully tried in some American ships, and if found to answer on further experience, here will be at once a great economy.

Talking of war, we are informed that in our notice last month of flying railway artillery-trains, we ought to have mentioned that the subject was brought before government by Mr John Blyth, engineer, early in 1852, when an uneasy feeling was abroad respecting a French invasion.

THE FIRST NOTE OF THE WAR.

It was in a foreign land, not far away, but still 'over the water and over the sea,' in the literal sense of the old ballad, at the southern side of that Channel across whose waves the too faithful adherents of the wandering 'Charlie' so often cast a longing gaze, and waited the heart-sick yearnings of hope deferred. I was sitting on one of the benches beneath the elms on the esplanade that encircles the ancient ramparts of the Haute Ville de Boulogne, when suddenly the air was shaken with a dull, distant reverberation, dying away in far echoes, so prolonged and deep, that after one glance upwards for a thunder-cloud, answered by a March sky, more blue and cloudless than I had ever seen before, I turned with a sort of shuddering haste to the time-worn towers above me, almost expecting that an earthquake had loosened their foundations, and that I should see them tumbling down in the crash. But no: all was safe and quiet there, grim and trim as ever. The sentinel outside the château was pacing up and down as methodically as if neither earth nor air had spoken. Hark! again and again it sounded, that deep grand roll; and now more accurately ascertaining the direction from whence it proceeded, I turned my eyes towards the sea, and the heart's quick throb almost taking away my breath for the moment, told me, even before thought could form itself into words, that I was listening to the voice that had been silent for nearly half a century—the sound of England's floating guns—the first note of the war!

We had been for weeks hearing and reading with avidity of all the preparations, the marching, the manning, the embarking, the enthusiasm of the men, the subdued sorrow of the women. We had heard it

reported that our fleet was to meet the French ships in the Channel, and pass by together, one of those days; but how different from all written descriptions or anticipations was this actual report, with what a strange stern reality it struck upon the ear! The mind drank in the booming sounds fraught with so many glorious memories, and quick as thought flew back to a former century, picturing the hurry, excitement, consternation, such sounds would have awakened on the very spot where I was at that moment so quietly standing. I cast my eyes along the vista formed by the grim archway perforating the rampart wall, on to the Palais-Imperial, still bearing its superscription as erected by Napoleon at the time he was projecting his invasion of England. I could see the little cocked-hat and close-buttoned surcoat again speeding along the crest of the hill, as he took his accustomed morning gallop to Wimerau—the scene of his formidable flotilla—to inspect the daily embarkation and disembarkation of his practised legions: and then again returning to the present time, I recalled that same Wimerau, as we had visited it last summer; its look of utter desolation, half buried amidst dreary sand-hills; its roofless houses, its deserted, unfinished streets; its causeways leading to nothing; and, above all, its gigantic docks and basins, and floodgates and connecting bridges, their irons rusting, their piles of timber rotting and blackening in the wind like the bones of some malefactor on a gibbet—a fitting memorial of the abortive plans, the intended crimes and ravages to which they were to have been the leading accessories. Well, there they now perish. O England! utilitarian England! had your ambition been thus foiled, would you have left such a thriftless record? No: snug within your dock-yards or your arsenals would those countless tons of timber and of iron long ago have been stowed, waiting to be transformed into messengers of usefulness and civilisation to the ends of the earth. O Ireland! not all the police of the district could have preserved those remains from roofing your cabins, and boiling your potatoes, and shoeing your horses, during the last fifty years. But France—carelessly she disregards them, honestly she leaves them, and we, we visit them, and smile and clap our hands to think they were all erected in vain. And still more pleased, we smile this day to think how all that is changed; how the half-century that has passed since then has converted bitter warlike enemies into generous friends, co-operating for the peace of Europe; that another imperial Napoleon has just declared that 'the days for conquest have passed, and that the world will no longer permit a war of aggression;' and that we, far from our island home, in the land of our ancient foes, can sit on this boulevard as securely as if we were under our own fig-tree, listening to the sound of our country's guns; and if we feel any disturbance, it is only from seeing how little sensation these create.

It is said the French are an excitable people: in anger and in gaiety, they are eminently so: their wrath is very fierce and sudden; their gaiety, when well got up, a thing quite enviable to behold: but of that disinterested, enthusiastic feeling dwelling deep within the English heart, stirring up the nation as it were one man in a crisis like the present—of that, they know nothing.

The heart-stirring sounds echoed again and again across the waters: my book had fallen unregarded at my feet when first I started up, and there I stood with rapt gaze, searching through the yet leafless branches of the elms for one glimpse of the white sails, which, if I heard aright, must surely soon be crossing that blue expanse; but not finding them as yet within range of my sight, I turned for information, and indeed for sympathy in my national feelings, to some one of the numerous passers-by. There, however, they went along without a look, or a word, or a pause; the baker with his basket of loaves, the *bonne* with her infantile freight; two boys continued their everlasting

battle-dore and shuttle-cock; a girl tripped away with her skipping-rope—all as unconcerned as if nothing unusual were to be seen or heard; the distant thunder of the guns every five minutes reverberating through the air. Gradually a group of some half-dozen persons of the middle class, men and women, had collected near me; one of them held a printed paper in his hand; he was gesticulating and speaking energetically, and the words 'Anglais' and 'tapis' passing from lip to lip, assured me of meeting with some fellow-feeling at last. I drew nearer still, but my cordial glance was soon chilled, my eager question checked, on finding that the printed notice was an auction-bill—the subject of such engrossing interest literally some English carpets and furniture which were advertised for sale on the following day!

At that trying moment, round the corner of the esplanade came another woman, somewhat of the same class as the party I have just described. A thrifty, motherly little Englishwoman she was, and no mistake; her smart, firm, business step, her close poky bonnet, her squarely pinned shawl, her tidy little market-basket, but, above all, her face of honest pride, and her eager look towards the sea, told, without a word, of what stuff she was made—that she was one of those English mothers that rear our English men. On she came, flushed and eager, yet with something resolute in her air; she might have personified the advance-guard of a victorious army, dealing her triumphant word of news, 'Les Anglais!' right and left, as she sped along. It recalled so vividly a long-forgotten memory of childish days, when our nurse would scare us into good behaviour with the announcement, 'The French are coming!' and the good little woman uttered it with so much of the same admonitory air, that I could almost have shaken hands with her as an old acquaintance, had she given me time; but on she went, slightly pausing beside our apathetic group with a look of mingled astonishment and contempt, as she again exclaimed, 'Les Anglais!' with a quick wave of her hand towards the sea, and a bright, exulting smile. She was answered by a general shrug of the shoulder and elevation of the eyebrows, a deliberate pinch of snuff, and then a quiet 'Oui, madame; et les Français aussi;' and that being their share of the matter, back again they turned to their carpets and tables, while the little Englishwoman, with her brave island heart, passed on.

Just then, the green doors of a neighbouring pensionnat flew open, and out rushed a motley crowd of boys to play. Ah, they were true sons of England, too! their quick young ears caught the booming sound, their bright young eyes scanned the far horizon: off went the caps in the air, with a loud 'Hurrah for old England!' down upon the impassive group they pounced, with a gay 'Vive l'Angleterre!' and again out came the snuff-boxes, and again was re-echoed the same imperturbable retort: 'Oui, messieurs—les Anglais, mais les Français aussi.' And while the eager boys, and masters, too, ran off in search of higher grounds and of a wider view, my French neighbours resumed their conversation as quietly as if there had been no such interruption, or as if they had no further interest in the affair.

And so it undoubtedly was; war had pressed too mercilessly on a former generation; and the present one, but now recovering from its devastating effects, is, as far as the masses are concerned, dead at heart to the old exaggerations of national glory. It is 'France and her rulers' now; the taxes supply resources, the government expends them, and the people are ruled. Many, of course, grumble, but it is between their teeth; many more admit that affairs are far better ordered now, and every day sees increased resignation to the existing state of things: but it is altogether a selfish state of feeling, an aggregate of individual calculations on actual loss or profit, and according as the one or the

other preponderates, it balances the estimation of public measures.

I am convinced, if my neighbours at that moment had spoken out their opinion of the war, it would probably have been bounded by a conjecture as to the increase of taxation, whether it was likely to augment the price of bread—or still nearer home, what additional quantity of bedding they should have to contribute to the *casernes* according to the late ordonnance, to secure an exemption from military billets on their houses in the event of troops marching through. Nothing short of a direct personal interest excites them strongly on the subject, though where that does exist, their feelings are warm enough, as I presently received proof.

My attention at this moment was arrested by the arrival of one of the fishermen of the port; one of that dauntless, arrogant race indigenous to Boulogne, a community holding themselves separate and apart, looking down on the other inhabitants as modern intruders, and remorselessly trampling or jostling them on the footway or pier, if they happen inadvertently to stand in their path. She alone, of all the comers and goers, seemed aroused by the firing: there she stood in her picturesque attire—her full scarlet petticoat, just reaching the trim ankle, her purple stockings, and sabots sloping away beneath the heel, displaying the perfect symmetry of her elastic foot, her blue jacket, drawn in tightly at the slender waist, her fluted cap and long gold earrings forming a framework round her face. She stood with erect and well-poised figure, shading her eyes with her hand as she gazed outwards on the sea. Our little Englishwoman probably, like myself, had a yearning for sympathy on the present occasion, for she was now standing beside the new arrival, questioning her at intervals, and both looking eagerly in the same seaward direction. What a contrast between the pair! At length the *matelotte* turned with an impatient gesture to her chance companion, and bending her brows almost fiercely on her, she suddenly inquired:

'Is it true?—do your journals tell you that an Englishman is to have the supreme command of the fleet—that our men are to *serve* under the islanders' rule?'

Here was the root of bitterness: her wild eyes flashed haughtily on the Englishwoman's placid countenance, as she sternly reiterated her question: 'Is it true?'

Our little countrywoman looked at her gravely and kindly, her exulting words were hushed, her honest national glow of pride subdued in a moment; she met that scowling glance with a look of such compassionate forbearance, as she gently laid her hand on the upraised arm, and in kindest accents said: 'Who have you amongst them?—a brother, a friend?'

The look, the tone, were as oil on the waters. Ah! far above those world-awakening echoes, higher and still higher will those accents of womanly tenderness soar—more enduring than the most brilliant results of victory is the blessing to the peace-makers; and even while emperors and kings are carrying on their negotiations, 'casting their gifts into the treasury,' the widow's mite shall not be unregarded.

Yes, like ice beneath the summer's sun the *matelotte's* hard feelings melted; with softened voice and tearful eyes she answered: 'More than friend or brother—they have my husband, my provider, the father of my two young children.'

'Then thank the God above you!' exclaimed our little woman energetically, with another beaming glance—'be for ever thankful, should it be as you have said; for know, that if your sailor is under British command, he will be safe while safety is possible, he will be cared for when care is wanted, and he will win his share of glory wherever it can be won!'

Her subdued listener bowed her head and folded her arms across her breast with a touching air of

resignation. The Englishwoman continued: 'I never heard—I do not know how our rulers may have settled it; but this I do know, there is one question we can easily settle between ourselves; which would you prefer—to have your husband a sailor under the British flag, or a slave under the Russian knout?'

No more was needed: with a bright glance of intelligence and gratitude, the matelotte nodded her head as she stooped to take up her empty basket, and with another smile and nod just as bright and expressive, our patriotic little countrywoman trotted away.

HOW TO KEEP GATHERED FRUIT AND FLOWERS ALWAYS FRESH.

A friend has just informed us that fruit and flowers may be preserved from decay and fading by immersing them in a solution of gum-arabic in water two or three times, waiting a sufficient time between each immersion to allow the gum to dry. This process covers the surface of the fruit with a thin coating of the gum, which is entirely impervious to the air, and thus prevents the decay of the fruit, or the withering of the flower. Our friend has roses thus preserved which have all the beauty and fragrance of freshly plucked ones, though they have been separated from the parent stem since June last. To insure success in experiments of this kind, it should be borne in mind that the whole surface must be completely covered; for if the air only gains entrance at a pin-hole, the labour will all be lost. In preserving specimens of fruit, particular care should be taken to cover the stem, end and all, with the gum. A good way is to wind a thread of silk about the stem, and then sink it slowly in the solution, which should not be so strong as to leave a particle of the gum undissolved. The gum is so perfectly transparent, that you can with difficulty detect its presence, except by the touch. Here we have another simple method of fixing the fleeting beauty of nature, and surrounding ourselves ever with those objects which do most elevate the mind, refine the taste, and purify the heart.—*Country Gentleman.*

PACKING AN INFANT.

The characteristic composure of the people was well shewn in a young mother with rather pleasing features, who brought her infant of four months old out of one of the huts, and seating herself on the sunny side of it, proceeded in the most deliberate way imaginable to pack up the child for the night in its little wooden cradle, whilst half a dozen of us looked on with no small curiosity. The cradle was cut out of the solid, and covered with leather, flaps of which were so arranged as to lace across the top with leathern thongs: the inside and the little pillow were rendered tolerably soft with reindeer moss; and the infant fitted the space so exactly, that it could stir neither hand nor foot, yet made little resistance to the operation. A hood protected the head, whilst it admitted air freely. When the packing was finished, the little creature was speedily rocked asleep.—*Forbes's Norway.*

GOD BLESS YOU.

As we journeyed on, a trifling incident occurred, which very favourably disposed us towards the peasantry of Spain. A large party of field-labourers, attired in scarlet jackets and sashes, were returning to their homes after the toils of the day, and were singing in unison a lively song, in token of the happiness within their hearts. The sun was now sinking behind the hills, and the stars of evening were beginning to gem the vast canopy of heaven. A soft and rich twilight gave a sweet mellowness to the features of the surrounding landscape, infusing thoughts of romance and poetry into our minds, and making everything appear to us like the scenery of a picture or a dream. As we reached the body of peasantry, they immediately separated to each side of the road, and as we passed between them, they saluted us with the beautiful expression: 'Vaga vel con Dios' (Go you with God). A thrill of pleasure ran through my veins as I heard this national benediction, pronounced with such deep solemnity, and issuing like a full and majestic chorus from the lips of these humble tillers of the soil.—*Warren's Vagabundo.*

IMMUTABLE.

'With whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'

AUTUMN to winter—winter unto spring—
Spring unto summer—summer unto fall—
So rolls the changing year, and so we change,
Motion so swift, we know not that we move.
Till at the gate of some memorial hour
We pause; look in its sepulchre to find
The cast-off shape that years since we called 'I'—
And shrink, amazed.—Yet on! we may not stay
To weep, or laugh. All that is past is past—
A minute more, and the life-mocking form
Drops into nothingness, like centuried corpse
At opening of a tomb.

Alack, this world
Is full of change, change, change, nothing but change.
We were like these snow-drops in my hand,
To live our spring, and die ere summer comes!
Is there not one straw in life's whirling flood
To hold by, as the torrent sweeps us down,
Us, scattered leaves: eddied and broken, torn
Asunder; or in smooth stream gliding slow,
Dividing each from other without pain;
Or gathered in brief union, as it seems,
Which is but stagnant chance—pausing to rot
By the same pebble till the tide shall turn;
Then on—to find no clinging and no rest,
For ever rootless and for ever lone.

O God! we are but leaves upon Thy stream,
Clouds on Thy sky. We do but move across
The steadfast breast of Thine infinitude,
Which bears us all. We pour out day by day
Our long brief moan of mutability
To Thine immutable, and cease.

Yet still
Our change yearns after Thy unchangeableness,
Our mortal seeks Thine immortality,
Our manifold and multiform and poor
Imperfectness, desires Thy perfect One.
For Thou art ONE, and we are all of Thee:
Dropped from Thy bosom, as Thy sky down drops
The morning dews, that glitter for a space,
Ignorant whence they came and whither tend,
Until the sun, outlooking on his fields,
Upcalls them all, and they rejoicing go.

So, with such joy, O Light eterne, we spring
Thee-ward, and leave the pleasant meads of earth,
Forgot alike their green prime, their love-flowers,
Their dry and dusty ways that drank us up
Remorseless—we who were poor drops of dew,
That only wished to freshen a flower's breast,
And be exhaled to God.

O Thou Supreme,
All-satisfying and Immutable One,
It is enough to be absorbed in Thee,
And melt—if it be only to a voice
That through all ages with an infinite joy
Goes evermore loud crying: 'God, God, God!'

THE WATER-LILY.

It is a marvel whence this perfect flower derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel and speckled frog, and the mud-turtle, which continual washing cannot cleanse. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its obscene life and noisome odour. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others.—*Margaret Fuller.*

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